AN

ODE

TO HIS

MAJESTY.

For the NEW-YEAR, $17\frac{30}{31}$.

A

Price Six-Pence.

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AN ODE TO HIS MAJESTY, FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 17$\frac{30}{31}$.

By *Mr.* CIBBER, *Servant to His* MAJESTY.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

MDCCXXXI.

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MDCCXXXI.

AN ODE TO HIS MAJESTY,

For the NEW-YEAR, 17$\frac{30}{31}$.

NCE more, the ever-circling Sun,
Through the Celeſtial Signs has run:
Again Old *Time* inverts his Glaſs,
And bids the Annual Seaſons paſs.

The Youthful Spring ſhall call, for Birth;
And glad, with opening Flowers, the Earth;
Fair Summer load, with Sheaves, the Field,
And Golden Fruits ſhall Autumn yield:
Each, to the Winter's Want, their Stores ſhall bring,
'Till warmer Genial Suns recall the Spring.

Ye Grateful Britons, *bleſs the Year,*
That kindly yields Increaſe;
While Plenty, that might feed a War,
Enjoys the Guard of Peace.

Your Plenty, to the Skies, you owe;
Peace is your Monarch's Care;
Thus Bounteous JOVE, *and* GEORGE *below*
Divided Empire ſhare.

Britannia, pleas'd, looks round her Realms, to see
Such various Cauſes of Felicity!
To Glorious War, more Glorious Peace ſucceeds,
(For moſt we Triumph, when the Farmer feeds.)
Then truly are we Great, when Peace ſupplys
Our Blood, our Treaſure drain'd, by Victorys.

Turn, happy *Britons*, to the Throne, your Eyes,
And in the Royal Offspring ſee
How amply Bounteous Providence ſupplys
The Source of your Felicity!

Behold! in every Face,
Imperial Graces ſhine!
All Native to the Race
Of GEORGE *and* CAROLINE.

In

In each young Hero we admire
The Blooming Virtues of his Sire;
In each Maturing Fair we find
Maternal Charms, of ſofter Kind.

In vain, through Ages paſt, has *Phœbus* roll'd,
Ere ſuch a Sight Bleſt *Albion* could behold:
Thrice happy Mortals! if your State you knew!
Where does the Globe ſo Bleſt a Nation ſhew?
All that of You, Indulgent Heaven requires,
Is Loyal Hearts, to reach your own Deſires.
Let Faction, then, her ſelf-born Views lay down,
And Hearts United, Thus, Addreſs the Throne.

Hail! Royal Cæſar, *Hail!*
Like This, may every Annual Sun

Add

Add brighter Glories to thy Crown,
'Till Suns themſelves ſhall fail.
May Heaven thy peaceful Reign prolong,
Nor let, to thy Great Empire's Wrong,
Foreign, or Native Foes prevail.

CHORUS.

Hail! Royal Cæſar, *Hail!*
Like This, may every Annual Sun
Add brighter Glories to thy Crown,
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